

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## "What Are the Little Girls Made Of?"

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



### Nell Brinkley Says:

God gave them—the little maids—faces of all shapes and colors; and God gave them, too, a brain behind it to know how to coil the hair around it!

There never was a head of crinkly, curly hair that it was not meant to be loose and free to garnish the face that it went with. Don't plaster your curls too tight—if you are so chosen as to have them.

Maybe you are the type of the Norse woman, with a white column of a neck that the good blood runs through

in a generous tide, with gray eyes and straight, flaxen hair. Try not curling it, and sweep it round your head and see how it will shine in plain gold bands.

Maybe you are wearing your black hair dull and flat, with a face that is not well-modeled enough for plain, smooth hair. Try it feathered around your face and knotted high. A merry, dark, characterless but pretty and impish little face needs a softening mist and the snap of curls. And ah-h-h! Maybe you're the boy-girl—with the slender face, tanned golden, the big hazel eyes that make it eloquent, the curved lips, the firm, slender chin, the full throat and hair pure amber. I

know such a girl. And she wears her hair drawn back in careless locks like a young knight's or Peter Pan's own bobbed noggin!

Maybe your face is the three-cornered, piquant one, with the eyes set high, the mouth small like a bud, the eyebrows cleanly arched. Why, then—of course you are of the lucky crew who can part their hair straight in a line from the crown of their head to above their nose and make two smooth-drawn curtains of it.

There's a girl with a nose-dip face, just a blonde, merry, American face that has its "pretty days," but can boast no special beauty, unless it's the beauty of a whole-

some red mouth and a head of sunny hair, who can look stunning with the hair made most of piled high above her face in ripples.

And perhaps—if you are beloved of the gods—you have the "sculptor's face"—the face of broad brow, broad cheek-bones, broad chin; the face of surfaces and planes, the purely-turned face that does not need any hair at all—so sweetly is it modeled. Brush your hair back, so all the world can see the whole of your face—it doesn't matter what you do with it!

But—if you insist—here is the perfect face for the "bobbed" effect!

## Why I Married a Second Time

### The Man Who Really Fell in Love at Middle Age Tells His Story.

By DOROTHY DIX

"I married a second time," said the Contented Looking Man. "for the best and happiest reason in the world—because I fell wildly, madly, passionately, and unconditionally in love with a woman with a love such as no boy is capable of experiencing."

"I was one of the innumerable victims of early marriage. When I was nothing but an immature, undeveloped boy my fancy was caught by a pretty, little pink and white and gold girl, with rosy cheeks and baby blue eyes, and yellow curls."

"We had the same taste in ice cream soda, and our steps matched in dancing, and from those great and unmistakable evidences of mutual sympathy, we decided that we were created for each other, and had been mysteriously brought together by an All Wise Providence."

"It is one of the greatest blessings of poverty that most boys haven't enough money to marry their first sweetheart, and by the time they have accumulated the wherewithal to go to housekeeping on they have recovered completely from their attack of cal. love, and so they are saved from wrecking their lives on the rocks of a youthful marriage."

"Unhappily for me, I was an orphan and had come into a large fortune on my twenty-first birthday, so there was nothing to stand in the way of my indulging in any kind of fatal folly to which I felt inclined, and before I was 23 I had done my best to ruin my life

by making an utterly unsuitable marriage. "Understand me, I am saying nothing against my little child wife—God rest her soul in whatever Heaven she inhabits. She was as she was made, a good, dear, sweet little doll baby, a little girl who stayed sixteen to the end of the chapter, whose interests in the world were bound by her own little circle, and whose aspirations never reached higher than pink candle shades or a new hat. "She never grew up, and I did grow up. That was our cruel misfortune. She stayed just where she was when we were married, and I went on studying, reading, learning from books and men, getting the bigger and the broader outlook on life—a million new interests developing for me every hour of the day."

"I tried to take my wife with me. I would talk to her of my hopes, and plans, and aspirations, but she did not understand and would complain that the things that I was ambitious to do would take me away from home, and that we were so comfortable as we were. "Not two years after we were married I faced the ghastly fact that I had made the most terrible of all mistakes, that I was bound for life to a woman with whom I had not one single thought in common, a woman who could no more be a companion to me than could the Dresden statuette upon the mantelpiece. Worse still, I knew with deadly certainty that my boyish fancy for her had flickered out, and in the light of my manhood's knowledge I realized that I had never really loved her at all. I had only imagined I had."

"I went through years of this hideous mockery of keeping up the pretense of sentiment and happy home and husband, and all the balance of the domestic drama, and then my child wife died just as the gold in her hair was turning to ashes."

"I was left a middle-aged man who had drunk deeply of a bitter cup. I was sadly wise in matters of sentiment, and cynically suspicious of the vagaries of the human heart, and if you had told me that I should ever marry again I should have laughed you to scorn. I had tried it. Never again. Besides, I should have said, I am too old for romance. That belongs to boyhood, to sweet one-and-twenty, not the cautious forties."

"And then the one woman came along, and I went down before her like ripe grain before the sickle. I was the man, mature, knowing all that I needed, all that I wanted, my tastes formed, my ideals crystallized, and when I found the woman who embodied my every desire, I knew that there could be no mistakes, no disappointments, no disillusioning."

"And I found out that a boy's love is as water unto wine compared to a man's love; that a boy's passion is the shadow of a flame to the conflagration of a man's; that a boy's romance is pale and colorless to the pomp and splendor of the romance with which the mature man grows his love."

"A boy's love! A child's fancy! I tell you it is this love of the middle-aged man that strikes the fire out of men's souls. By the grace of God this came to me, and that is why I married a second time."

## The Mystery of Stonehenge

It Is Not Known Who Erected the Strange Monument of Stones



A View of the Ruins at Stonehenge, showing the Massive Task of the Builders.

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The remarkable ruins of Stonehenge, England's most impressive monument of antiquity, which were sold at auction the other day for \$2,000, are interesting, not so much for themselves alone as for what they represent. Similar monuments exist in various parts of Europe, North Africa, the Mediterranean islands, and western and southern Asia.

They all appear to belong to an early period of human development, which might be called the megalithic, or "big stone" age, with as much propriety as we speak of the "old stone," the "new stone," the "copper," the "bronze" and the "iron" ages.

The term "megalithic monuments" is applied to all of these strange objects, and some archaeologists are disposed to believe that there was a megalithic people, or race, which spread widely over the old world at some undated epoch of the remote past, and whose chief characteristic was the habit of erecting rough structures composed of huge stones, including some blocks of so great size and weight that we cannot but wonder how they were handled and poised without the aid of modern machinery.

At Stonehenge for instance there are great stones more than twenty feet in length firmly set up on end and crowned at the top with cross blocks the largest of which probably weigh as much as seventeen tons. English history is not old enough to tell us who lifted those stones.

These monuments vary in form and arrangement. At Stonehenge there is a great double circle with an "altar stone" near the center. Sometimes there is only an upright stone or several uprights, unconnected. Sometimes a broad, flat stone is supported on uprights like a table. Sometimes the structure is manifestly a tomb or sepulcher, and at other times a dwelling place. Occasionally it takes the place of a rude fortification, or a fortified habitation. In most cases there are indications that a religious purpose was served by the monument.

Of certain heavenly bodies, and particularly for fixing the dates for the sun's arrival at critical points in its apparent annual circuit of the heavens, such as the equinoctial and solstitial points which determine the division of the seasons.

The megalithic monuments in different parts of the world were certainly not all built at the same time. Stonehenge belongs to a rather late period in megalithic building. But they all seem to mark an intermediate step in human advance between the neolithic, or "later stone" age, and the age of the metals.

Stonehenge may have been erected in the "bronze" age, while other megalithic monuments date from the close of the neolithic. But it is to be remembered that these "ages" were not simultaneous in different parts of the earth.

### Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

He Must Tell Her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am engaged to a young man for the last two years and expect to be married soon. We were to be married last year, but I was sick. We have been having a number of disputes over my fiance writing to a former sweetheart. Last winter she became very sick and her sister wrote and told him, and now they have been writing ever since. He has not told her he was engaged and he will not write and tell her. He says he cares for her only in a friendly way and he worships me when I am with him. He says I shouldn't worry about her. I gave up writing to my boy friends for him and think he should do likewise. NEWARK GIRL.

Your fiance owes it to both of you, as well as to the girl with whom he is corresponding, to tell her of his engagement. It is really most unfair of all to her for him to be writing to her without her realizing that he is on the eve of marriage. Only a cad will take such chances with a woman's happiness.

### Do You Know That—

England and Sweden are said to be the two healthiest countries in Europe. Parsees lay their dead on dh khamas, or "towers of silence," where the vultures clean the bones, which in a month are removed and deposited in deep wells containing the dust of many generations. To cure hicoughs, fill a glass with water, draw a deep breath through the mouth, take a mouthful of water, hold the glass before you above your head, raise your eyes so that they can see the bottom of the glass without throwing your head back, swallow the water and then breathe out slowly through the

stomach. But they all seem to mark an intermediate step in human advance between the neolithic, or "later stone" age, and the age of the metals. Stonehenge may have been erected in the "bronze" age, while other megalithic monuments date from the close of the neolithic. But it is to be remembered that these "ages" were not simultaneous in different parts of the earth.

They were stages of culture, and of advance, not keeping exact step with each other in different localities, so that in one part of the world people might still be in the "stone" age while in another part they had progressed to the age of "bronze," or of "iron." Even today there are places where savage tribes have hardly got out of the "stone" age. But the impulse to build megalithic monuments, or structures composed of huge blocks, arranged in a characteristic manner, seems to have spread in a very remarkable way from continent to continent, and the builders may fairly be regarded as the first real architects, capable of erecting permanent works.

Whether it was the gradual spreading of the race which first acquired this skill that carried the megalithic style into such widely separated lands, or whether the fame of their works, and the desire to imitate them, caused other peoples to learn and practice the new art, is a question that cannot be definitely answered.

But Mr. Peet in his book on "Rough Stone Monuments and Their Builders," says that the most probable theory of the origin of the megalithic monument is that this style of building was brought to the various countries where we find it by a single race in an immense migration, or series of migrations, and he adduces the authority of Dr. Duncan Mackenzie in support of this view.

Such monuments as Stonehenge, then, may be looked upon as examples of what man was eventually able to do in the way of building after he had emerged from the state of low mentality which kept him confined for shelter to natural caverns in the rocks, and temporary coverings of interwoven branches. The skin-clad man who first set a few flat stones on edge and placed another on top for a roof was the father of architecture, and originated that great art whose mightiest triumph was, at one time, the huge stone circle at Stonehenge.

## Little Love Exists in Small Towns

### Jealousy, Criticism and Indifference in Such Places—Advices Against Narrowness

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.)

It is a strange fact that in small towns so little affection or love exists among the inhabitants. One would think it sure to be found in the quiet country hamlets, where the few people are dependent upon one another for enjoyment. But instead we find jealousy, criticism and indifference in such places.

In the average country hamlet one needs to be ill or an object of charity to bring out the tenderness in the hearts of neighbors. Let it

be known that sickness or poverty has visited a household, and the tongue of gossip is silenced and low indifference or disagreeable air gives place to solicitous kindness—while the trouble lasts! But we cannot all in this world be invalids or beggars; yet we all love sympathy and companionship and appreciation.

Many women in the country love to play Lady Beautiful merely for the gratification of being regarded by those deemed on a lower plane. But a greater nature finds pleasure in showing affectionate interest in an equal on whom it can bestow nothing but friendship.

Think every day, how large the world is compared to your own town, yet do not despise your town. In consequence Respect is a part of the Great Consolidated Company of Human Beings, and make it as interesting a place as possible by your own mental, moral and social qualities.

Do not let your minds narrow down to the limits of your town; do not let your ideas become dwarfed, your ambitions stunted, your outlook limited. There is no need of it in this day and age of low-priced literature and free libraries.

You can keep in mental touch with the whole world if you wish to do it. There is no need of confining your information to the social column of your country paper. Read the magazines and weeklies and book reviews when you cannot obtain the books. Think of yourself as an important factor in the world—not merely of your town or church. Try and be broad and large in your outlook.

The moment you find yourself dwelling on thoughts of neighborhood gossip and petty scandals, turn your back on your lesser self and search for your real self—the noble, great-hearted being you were destined to be. Read history and meditate upon the lives of great men and women.

When you are about to pass Mary Jones by without speaking to her because you heard some one had suspected her of questionable conduct, stop and think of Joan of Arc, Mme. Roland, Father Damien, Nathan Hale, Abraham Lincoln or a hundred other colossal figures you can call to mind. They will scare away all petty prejudices and make you ashamed of yourself.

Think of our Pilgrim fathers and mothers and all the wonderful strength of character it requires to live their

lives in those dangerous and difficult times. It will make your own cares and troubles seem trivial. Avoid judging humanity from the standards set up in your town. Be liberal, and remember that climate and environment have much to do with people's ideas of behavior. Try and cultivate a loving interest in your associates. Study, think, read, work and love. Sympathize with your neighbors' aims, ambitions, efforts, hopes and trials. Cheer them all you can, and never allow a thought of jealousy or envy to enter your mind if some one seems to you to be succeeding better than you or yours. Do not permit yourself to be small and petty because you live in a small town. Be so large of soul that you will dignify the town in the mind of any one who knows it is your place of residence.

## HOW WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS

### By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cleveland, Ohio—"My left side pained me so for several years that I expected to have to undergo an operation, but the first bottle I took of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved me of the pains in my side and I continued its use until I became regular and free from pains. I had asked several doctors if there was anything I could take to help me and they said there was nothing that they knew of. I am thankful for such a good medicine and will always give it the highest praise."—Mrs. C. H. GARFINKL, 1583 Constant St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Hanover, Pa.—"I suffered from female trouble and the pains were so bad at times that I could not sit down. The doctor advised a severe operation but my husband got me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I experienced great relief in a short time. Now I feel like a new person and can do a hard day's work and not mind it. What joy and happiness it is to be well once more. I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Compound."—Mrs. ADA WILT, 803 Walnut St., Hanover, Pa.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidentially), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

**THE VANDERBILT HOTEL**  
THIRTY FOURTH STREET  
AT PARK AVENUE  
NEW YORK

The most conveniently situated hotel in New York

At the Thirty-third Street Subway

WALTON H. MARSHALL  
Manager